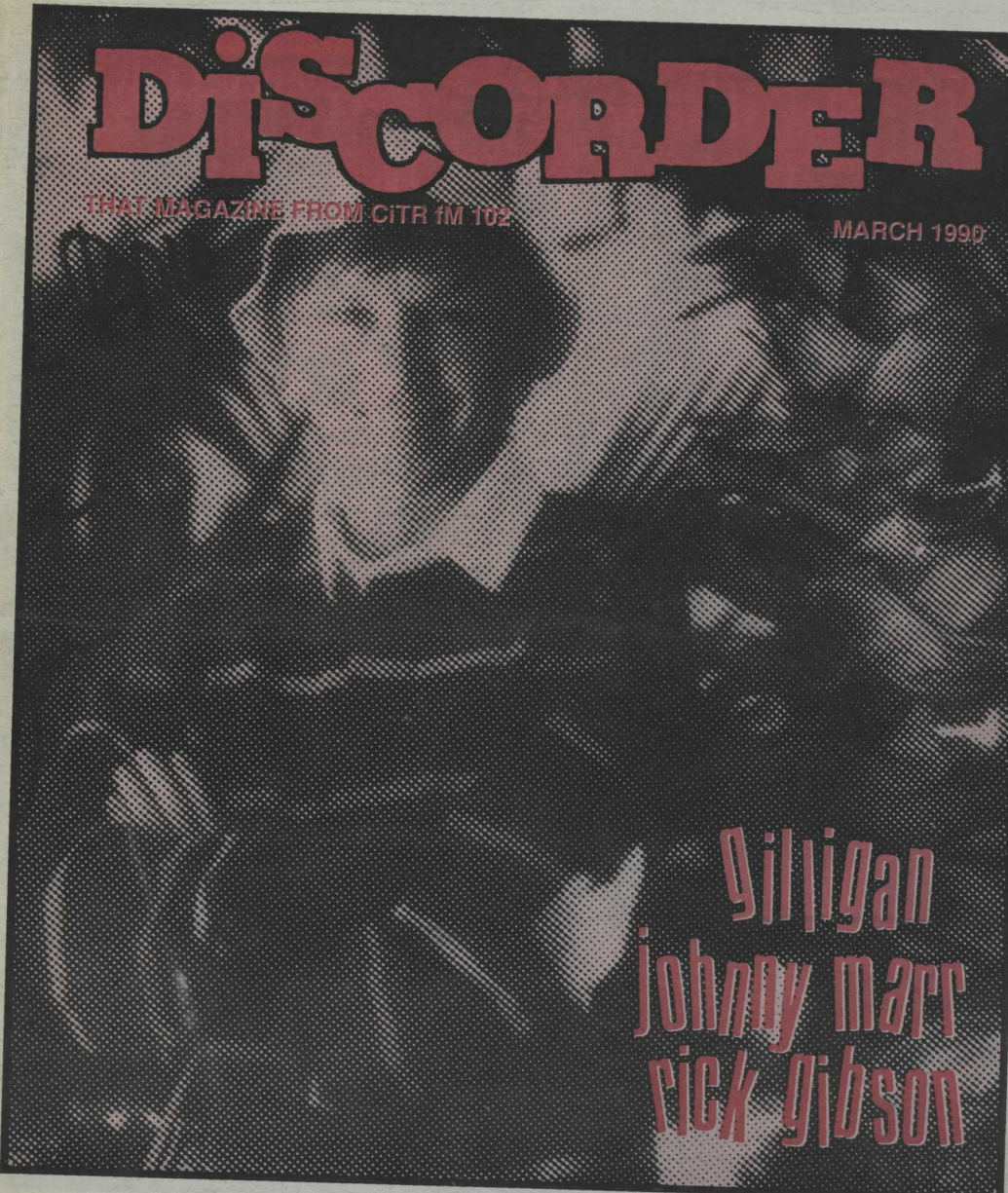


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MARCH 1990



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MARCH • 1990 Issue #86

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SNIFFY VS. "THE SKINHEAD"

Dear Airhead,

Re: But Was it Art? (February 1990) There are a couple of things I would like to clarify:

1: What is this writer (sic) problem with making personal judgements on someone's (sic) appearance to quote "art school punk" and "the skinhead." Well guys I am the "skinhead" in the article. I am extremely pissed off that someone has the fucking audacity to make a judgement upon someone else.

There are punks in Seattle who look a (sic) scary as possible then go around doing nice things for people! They try to change the general public (sic) perception of other people. Also the other people mentioned in the article were either male or female and there was nothing else mentioned about their occupation or looks. But myself and a few others were reduced to pawn in the article by debating us to further your means. Which by the way probably made my comments worse because I was a "skin-head."

2: Animal Rights Activists stole, or allegedly stole the car crushing apparatus. Not confiscated the stuff as mentioned by the media.

3: I think the media AND people at large totally missed the point that Rick Gibson was trying to make. He called the car Sniffy. The most cute name imaginable. He played upon emotions by making you wait so long that you almost burst with anticipation. Then he left you in a very frustrating lurch.

He rented the car. Come off it people, if we really going to do it then he would have bought the thing. Besides the public know before hand that he had rented it, by being so blind to that fact you became part of a performance piece (sic)/escapee.

4: Those of you who are wondering about the leather jacket well, let me mention an atrocity that is done to animals for the sake of an "easier" fun life and see if you are also as hypocritical as myself. The Shriners in conjunction with the firefighters have "allegedly" run experiments where animals are wrapped in gauze, soaked with lighting fluid, then ignited, just to see what the outcome is. These tests are just one example of the experiments that go on.

Here are some products that we as consumers buy in order to have an easier lifestyle. Buying leather products, Kraft Burger King, Wendy's, eating tuna fish, wear cosmetics, including: hairdryers, toothpaste, underwear, deodorant. Basically we live in a society where what you buy supports other people's (sic) habits. Not just by buying a product but also where you buy it from.

5: One last thing. To quote "he turned and ran, which, as any animal behaviorist could have told him, was exactly the wrong thing to do." Animal behaviorists also do cruel animal experimentation.

Besides, Rick Gibson could also be considered an animal behaviorist. But this time the experiment was on you. Also, did you expect him to just stand there while some 200 or so people beat the shit out of him? Maybe we never left the Roman times after all.

6: Who was or is the real victim? By losing his or her rights for a few lousy misdirected words you have added to the selective censorship that the rest of the media gleefully pour out each and every day.

Logic Bomb
P.S. I also am one of those "...art school punks..."
P.P.S. The writer of the article seems to "faint..." (sic) more "...Reaganesque aplohm..." than I will ever do.

Madam - The most nearly coherent of your arguments seems to be: Just because I'm a skinhead doesn't mean I'm a skinhead. May I point out to you that I place no value judgement on your hairstyle, nor do I discount your views because of your appearance. Quite frankly, I don't see what you're complaining about, since you emerge in my article as the most articulate person present at the Sniffy non-event. If, however, in future you feel you have been gifted with a more direct line to the truth than the rest of us, perhaps you will be so good as to treat us all to more of your circular logic and quaint grammar. Laurel Wellman

Checkout the Rick Gibson interview on page 26 of this issue to see if Ms. Bomb's conclusions regarding the Sniffy incident are correct.

GLEEN DOING HIS WIFE?

Dear Airhead,
Glen Campbell is alive and well, living below us. Since his last Christmas album, he's gone head-first into the sauce and boasts many a wicked bass (as in fish) on his new. On a more intimate note, he makes the same sounds doing his wife as he does taking a shit. (We hear it through the vents...) Just to keep you informed. By the way, to shit-draft still sucks. But it works.
Lora and Janice.

VIOLA #1

Dear Airhead,
Hey, there was an article in the Feb. issue. Viola Funk talked of the Town Pump with Bamf! Superconductor and Mary. Wireless headset mikes allow the singer who plays an instrument to go nuts and still sing - write (sic) and headless guitars are lighter - write (sic) on! Come on Bamf! I'm a Superconductor but give the lady some credit for initiative. Vinyl comes with a price. Its (sic) hard to sing low range over loud music and be heard. Violin is hard to bring out into Superconductor raises aaaaah for spontaneity and positive vibes and smiles. I saw Mary Funk at two weeks.

Evan Symons
P.S. Gripes of Snooze make them sleep less these days but they'll never forget being on the air.
George by BURND OG HYENA.

GLEEFULLY OMNIPOTENT

Dear Airhead,
The best band in the universe is GLEE.

Blair Petrie

SNIFFY VS. L-CHING

Dear Airhead,
The following was written one week after January 6. I have two versions. This version was written



after the ingestion of some L-CHING acid.

"Hurry up Mary!"
"It starts at 1:00 and I want to be there at least a half-hour before."
HEADLINE in newspaper in Kelowna - ALERT - sparks of brain activity possible outcome connector alerted

HEADLINE in newspaper in Vancouver read aloud by Rayma SNIFFY - ALERT - sparking sparks of brain sparks ART, RATS, DEATH, BRICK, HEAD

Not really thinking among guys gonna drop a brick on a rat's head! he makes the same sounds doing his wife as he does taking a shit. (We hear it through the vents...) Just to keep you informed. By the way, to shit-draft still sucks. But it works.
Lora and Janice.

VIOLA #2

Dear Airhead,
I'm getting really sick of reading the increasingly lame "REAL LIVE ACTION" column in the DISORDER. What the hell is wrong with you guys? As far as I'm aware, the point of "Real Live Action" is to review some gigs of local talented bands from the past month in Vancouver, right? It's basically some free promotion for up and coming and established bands from Vancouver, right? Well then what the hell are you doing?

First of all, the only gigs reviewed were two music showcases, and they were both, on the whole, quite negative write-ups! Why did reviewer Viola Funk have to print such shitty stuff about bands just trying to get off the ground? They don't need that kind of crap! Viola Funk, you are a heartless and stupid bitch. Your powers of hearing and sight should be taken away from you for a year for being so relentlessly biased (sic) and down-right mean in your reviews. Wench... If you must insult local bands, hell, pick on some more established groups that maybe deserve a bit of criticism!!

And while on the topic of deservit (sic) criticism I'll take this opportunity to voice an example: THE SCRAMBLERS! Don't see those guys twice within a year. Why? Because you'll hear the exact same songs, see the exact same moves, and see the exact same bottle of Jack Daniels on the drum riser. These local "bad boys" are getting pretty damn pathetic. Every couple o' weeks we see their name billed for a two-nighter at the Town Pump, and we see the exact same stuff, over and over and over. My friends and I used to place bets on what encores they'd "surprise" us with that night... could it be "Tutti Frutti" (sic) or is it "Train Kept A-Rollin'"? One time I won twenty bucks. After a few of these gigs, wagers, more gigs and more wagers, it starts to get pretty depressing. If the Scramblers can get the notion out of their heads that they are gods of ROCK and start writing some more great originals, then maybe I'll even treat Viola to the eight buck cover one

May Ann Mitchell
-will send the no-acid version and pictures if wanted

Thanks for sharing.

VIOLA #3

Dear Airhead,
Pete, we could make the obvious jokes about how "local talented bands" is an oxymoron and how promotion is never "free." But why bother? However, we will take exception to the sexist bent of your letter, as evidenced by the use of the

Scrambled-Friday evening.
But back to my point... A heck of a ton of good gigs happened this January, unfortunately they seemed to have been overlooked by the ol' Disorder. What happened to that huge blaster of a show that occurred at the Cinderella Ballroom at the beginning of the month? That show featured ELEVEN local bands, all of whom were great! Press opportunities or what? There are lots of great, fun, young and new bands in this city playing all the time! Let's start seeing more reviews and a lot more POSITIVE support (Ms. Funk!). In the opinion of this seasoned gig-goer's mind, some of the best local bands that are constantly playing around and that are definitely (sic) worth hearing about are: CURIOUS GEORGE, HARD ROCK MINORS, THE SMUGGLERS, NOMEANS, THE TOUCH AND GOES, THE PICASSO SET, THE NERVOUS PELLAS, SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS and THE SWAGMEN, to name a few.

Support these great bands before they die! If not for your reading public, then do it for the bands who must struggle very hard to make it anywhere past a showcase in this city.

Thanks for the spell!
Disappointed yet hopeful,
Pete Stonderove
Pete, we could make the obvious jokes about how "local talented bands" is an oxymoron and how promotion is never "free." But why bother? However, we will take exception to the sexist bent of your letter, as evidenced by the use of the

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Pete, we could make the obvious jokes about how "local talented bands" is an oxymoron and how promotion is never "free." But why bother? However, we will take exception to the sexist bent of your letter, as evidenced by the use of the



terms "bitch" and "wench." If you must criticize Disorder's reviewers, let's try and keep it non-gender specific.

Why should bad or mediocre bands get "positive support" rather than a truthful review? It is an interesting characteristic of the "alternative scene" that those involved like to nurture new bands, but once one "makes it" it's then open season on said band. Bands don't die because they fail to get "positive support," they don't get support because they fail to put on good live shows. The Scramblers do what they do, and they do it well, people enjoy their live shows. Unlike the majority of local bands, The Scramblers have a large honest to goodness following. How anyone could see any band so many times and expect to see a different show each night is beyond comprehension.

Finally, most of the groups you mention have been reviewed in Real Live Action. And the February issue's Real Live Action contained a photo spread on the Cinderella Ballroom gig, Nardwaz the Human Serviette's "Oh God, My Mom's On Channel 10" record release party. We have raved about Nardwaz's gigs previously, so we decided to just do the photo thing this time around.

VIOLA #3

Dear Airhead,
I was surprised and angered to read such a negative music review in Disorder, filled with misinformation and the irrelevant personal biases of Viola Funk. BAMF, who played at the Town Pump on January 7th, are not

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"mostly women"; Danice McLeod, who sings and plays violin, is and always has been the only woman in the group. If Ms. Funk diminishes their music as "hyperbolic technostuff", she is entitled to her opinion; the rest of her comments, however, aren't even worth responding to.

As a long-time fan of BAMF, I look forward to seeing them again, and think that dedicated musicians deserve more favorable print from your reviewer(s).

Yours truly,
Peter Lipskis

Viola sincerely regrets mistaking some of the other members of Bamf for women. She was just so in awe of all the hyper-bombastic technostuff her vision was adversely affected.

VIOLA #4

Dear Airhead

"I hate headless guitars and telephone-operator-style mikes!" Viola Funk, Feb. 1990. Well, I hate headless reviewers and telephone-operator-style writing. I have, in my long (and sedentary) life, chuckled my way through many, oh woe, horreashah reviews but this, my dear sir and madams, truly takes the cake. Most, though not all, critics I have always presumed to be semi-literate (or semi-illiterate, no difference really), one reads such things out of boredom mostly, oh occasionally there are little illuminations, a little, dare I say, information but rare oh so rare, let's face it, most reviews are read while constructively engaged upon a toilet.

And thank you Disorder, thank you thank you, Ms Funk's critique of Bamf, Supercollider and Mary was truly the ultimate in idiosyncrasy, the I shall call it a veritable gem of ineptitude, finally, finally a review written by a person both...

1. Blind: Now I did not attend the gig in question, but correct me if I'm wrong, is not Denise McLeod the only woman in Bamf? Perhaps the rest of the band grew breasts for the occasion...

2. Deaf: My dear, dear Ms Funk, One does not have one's opinion of a band's music on the state of the aforementioned (sic) band's equipment. I mean, hey, what did they play? Not what they played on... all I can gather is that they managed to offend by being "hyper-bombastic" but as you also describe Supercollider as being "hyper-bombastic"... I am most bewildered...

3. Dumb: Alex Varty's presence is NOT the criteria whereby one judges the merits of a group of musicians. Alex Varty bashing seems to have it's (sic) roots in an event that took place in 1980 or so when Mr. Varty dared to dislike some hard-core band that no-one even remembers, least of all you Ms Funk, as you were probably in diapers at the time. What this has to do with the Grapes of Wrath I fail to see as he seems to be on friendly terms with them. Mr. Varty may be biased (as all critics are) towards music that meets his own particular tastes, but I have always found him to be honest in his opinions and well-informed in what he chooses to write about. Which is, Ms Funk,

NOT lifestyles, NOT fashion, NOT bullshit hype... BUT MUSIC, dear Ms Funk, of which you know nada, zilih, fuck-all.

Other than that, I really like the Disorder, especially Mr. Rob Boper who is very amusing. Aaaah... humor... rare indeed.

Elizabeth Fischer

Once again, Viola apologizes for mistakenly identifying some Bamf members as women. Also, it is the technostuff, not the hyper-bombastic quality per se, that Viola does not care for.

Viola should not be taken to task for her Alex "the guy from Tom Hooper of Grapes of Wrath's Alex Varty Hate Club" Varty reference. She took this cryptic information from the "brilliant and underappreciated" D-Mag insert in the January Disorder. The genesis of the Tom Hooper/Alex Varty reference, in brief, relates to a 1982 issue of the Tom Hooper produced *Kelowna, B.C. Fanzine* "Indecent Exposures." The *Fanzine* contained an ad for the infamous "Alex Varty Hate Club." At the time, Tom was in the punk band Gentlemen of Horror, and sported short hair and a studied wristband. Anyone with further information should drop us a line.

PUBLIC SATANIC ANNOUNCEMENTS

Dear Airhead,

I know what you're up to. Don't deny it. Yes, I'm talking about advertizing, a.k.a. commercials. You do a very good job disguising them as "P.S.A.s" (Public Satanic

Announcements). Now, I'm not against P.S.A.s, and I don't believe in Satan, but you play the damn things so often! Gee, just like "regular" radio. I know the CRTC blackmailed you into mega-PSA rotation in return for more power, but, like, couldn't you just sort of lessen the assaah? That's why I listen to CTR all the time: because it's not CFOX /CFM /CK shit whatever the hell they call themselves. Some of the PSAs are quite good (...you're welcome), especially the ones where you distort the voices and sound like maniacs, but leave a little time for tunes, OK?

Just a couple of things before I go. I like all your shows. Hardcore, pop, rap, metal, noise, ect. Especially *Nardwaz*, *Absolute Value* of Noise, *Sound of Reality*, *Hoosenanny* (still haven't received my poster which I won), *Paula R's* show, *Jazz show*, *Neo-Necro-Neophile II*, *Pest Control*, and all that house stuff. What happened to Spike? And finally: why play so much 70s stuff? There was some good music back then (I'm too young to remember), but mostly it was crap.

Well, just had to get all of this cleaned out from my brain. Keep up the diversity. (Except crappy 70s junk!) We all have to hate something.)

Sincerely yours goddamn it,
Jess Templeton

Unfortunately, *Jess*, the P.S.A.s are part of the whole radio package. Spike is no longer on the air but we wish her well in her future endeavors.



The Man Scan
by the Man Sherbet

A Monthly Overview of People Who Are Spoiling Our Fun

Is it any wonder I can't get rid of this rash?

Person in Question #1 - Red Robinson: former "rock 'n' roller," smarmy nostalgist.

The Beef - Red jouts himself as Vancouver's Alan Freed or Wolfman Jack. He flogs old movies and old music as though he was partly responsible for them. He strokes the Baby Boomers for fun and profit.

Advice - Drink like Fred and eat like the Wolfman. Red's inevitable crash and burn could mean a plaque in California's Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame.

Person in Question #2 - Arsenio Hall: friend of Eddie Murphy.

The Beef - The "Arsenio Hall" Show, flagship of the Fox Network. When young Arse said he would one day be a Johnny Carson, people laughed. Now the grown-up Arse is getting us all back - six nights a week!

Advice - Just one word; are you listening? Here it is - Plastics.

Person in Question #3 - Dana Zalko: models her buttocks for fitness institution ads.

The Beef - Was overheard giving a retail salesperson a dressing down because she couldn't return clearance priced goods. The former Miss Teen Israel kept saying, "I do business my way!" Obviously this underpaid pee-on wasn't aware Dana is the Queen of Kits, with the firmest fanny on Fourth Avenue.

Advice - Take the Zalko ministry on the road. Do those "Fat-burner" aerobics sessions off the back of a flatbed truck in small towns all across our great land. Become Kitsilano's Spandex Ambassadors.

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BOAT SHOW SPECIAL!

A 37 SECOND INTERVIEW ON

Gilligan's island

AT THE BOAT SHOW.

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 AHoy, THERE, MATE!
 THANKS FOR WANTING TO JOIN
 MY FAN CLUB AS A FEARLESS
 CREW MEMBER YOU GET:
 A T-SHIRT (S, M, L, XL & 8-10-12)
 IT HAS A PICTURE OF ME SIGNED
 TO YOU BY ME!
 A MEMBERSHIP CARD THAT LETS
 YOU YELL "SKIPPER" AND STUFF
 LIKE THAT.
 A PHOTO, A NEWS LETTER AND
 SOME OF THE FOLLOWING: A
 BUMPER STICKER, A G.F.C. KITE,
 A KAZOO, A MUG, BUTTONS, AND
 CONTESTS AND PRIZES AND BEACH
 PARTIES AND MORE ALL FOR
 TWELVE DOLLARS. SO WELCOME
 ABOARD!
Gilligan
 G.F.C. (BOY) 1988
 6010 W. CHEYENNE BLVD. # 615
 LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89118



photos: Scott Livingstone

Nardwar: Hey little buddy!

Gilligan: What are you doing, your own little interviews now?

N: Well, just for our own little fun radio station, CTR.

G: Ohh, I don't know that one.

N: We were wondering Gilligan, or little buddy, can we call you?

G: Yes, either one.

N: Why did the Minnow sink?

G: Because it had big holes in it and I threw the

anchor over without a line.

N: Where is it now?

G: It's in Long Beach, California, I think.

N: Preserved in a museum or something?

G: I dunno, I think it's just lying in some back lot somewhere.

N: Do you remember starring in a movie with Nancy Sinatra, sitting cross-legged on a beach?

G: Jeez, god, you're too young to remember that.

N: I saw the picture in a book; you beside Nancy. It was really arousing. What was that like?

G: That was really fun. "The Father" was more fun, I must say. ... Okay, what is this for?

N: Actually, CTR Radio. Gilligan signs autograph.

N: Bye little Buddy.

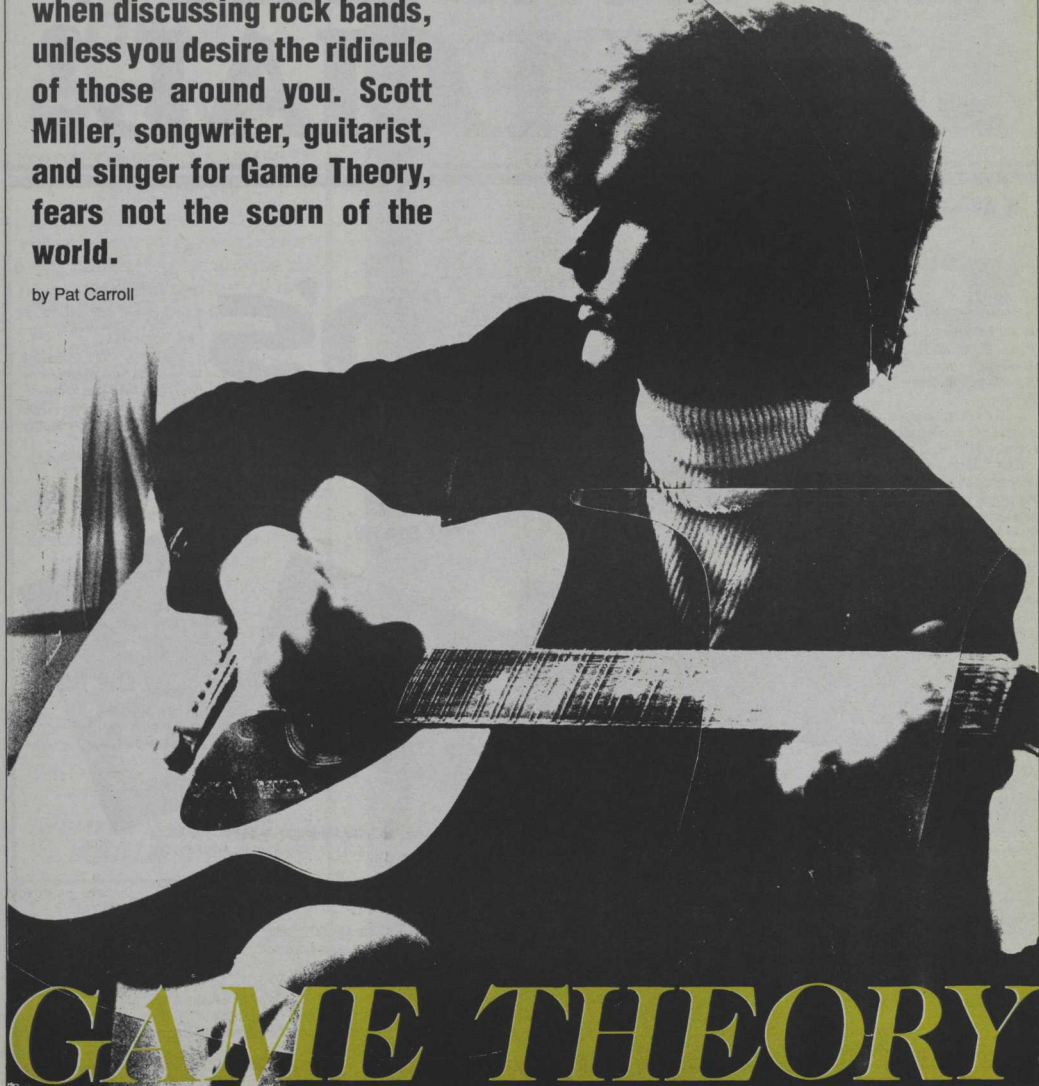
****For candid video clips of Gilligan at the Boatshow, send \$5 to GILLIGAN VIDEO OFFER c/o Discorder 6138 Sub Blvd., Vancouver B.C., V6T 2A5****

by Nardwar the Human Serviette

ART. Perhaps the only 'four letter' word you can't use when discussing rock bands, unless you desire the ridicule of those around you. Scott Miller, songwriter, guitarist, and singer for Game Theory, fears not the scorn of the world.

by Pat Carroll

"...I hate to say suffering begets good stuff, but a lot of the time it does..."



GAME THEORY

Armed only with a tape deck, a half-remembered "History of Fine Arts"

course, two borrowed Game Theory tapes and a thirst for the Truth, last month, Discorder spoke to Miller and the other members of his band, including former Three O'Clock chanteuse and bass player, Michael Quercio. "I first met Scott when I was asked to produce their 'Distortion' EP... I guess they thought I was a neat guy or something." The two remained in contact through the intervening years of Game Theory's college radio cult status (thanks to a run of terrific Mitch Easter produced pop albums thick with insightful lyrics, and relentless guitars and drums), and perpetual 'next big thingness' for The Three O'Clock who eventually unwound on Prince's "Paisley Park" label.

So last year, "We were in a situation where he didn't have a band ... and I had this need for a bass player," remembers Miller, his previous bass player having departed, along with the keyboard player, and perhaps most importantly, singer/guitarist/girlfriend, Donnette Thayer. The only remaining member was injured drummer Gil Ray, who had, "Spent two months flat on my back wondering what I could do." (Due to the injury he can no longer play drums for extended periods of time.) "Scott thought I could play guitar and keyboards... it's a nice change, but I'm not as confident as I was when I was drumming."

"But he is much easier to boss around," jokes Miller.

When asked what he was listening to when he started playing live shows, Miller recalls, "I had gone through my metal phase, you know, being extra loud, so I was writing these bad songs. I just shudder when I think about them now, they had no sophistication or anything, but the covers we did were good... you know, like early David Bowie and Pink Floyd songs from when Syd Barrett played with them... but the Beatles' 'Sgt. Pepper's' and 'White Album' were my biggest influence. The first was so

positive and colorful and the "White Album" was the darkest, scariest album ever put out, up to that point. They put forth the idea that rock should be kind of arty and really go for it and not say 'Well, it's just fun.' It should be an encapsulation of experience, it should go after these weird feelings."

So once I heard "Sixteen Tambourines" (probably The Three O'Clock's best album) I was feeling really good about music. With them and Let's Active, Mitch Easter's band, and REM, it seemed like there was this renaissance. But so many sort of fizzled; it would have been nice if they had been the 'currency' rather

malaise in their mayonnaise?" he says with a small grin.

"Obviously metal does something we'll never do, it gives instant gratification. Art has to be part gratification and part bettering, part trying to explain life and make people slightly morally correct. I know you'll say rock can't do that, that it would be stupid if rock tried to do that, but I mean it in the little way."

Lest you think Miller and his band are totally self-righteous and not very fun, I will now relate a quick tale of their behavior on stage. After a set of old and new songs (some co-written with Michael Quercio), a couple of requests

dollars. It's got photos of the band in it... none of me though, but I look a bit like Gil and uhh, it's got lots of photos of Donnette in it, and you can hold it one handed!"

Singer (leaning up to microphone)- "Yeah, it's just great for those long lonely nights."

Talk About Fun, Eh? Now Back to the Art.

"Donnette, my girlfriend in the band, and I had broken up and it was just a tremendously devastating time in my life, but songs came out of this near suicidal pit of despair. So I hate to say suffering begets

intense frame of mind. So, in a way, I was lucky to have been in a lot of personal turmoil when I wanted to write an album that will do what I think our next one should do."

"So we are going to have young girls fall in love with Scott and then we'll pay them to leave him," quips Quercio.

However, before their next album of new songs does arrive in a 'store near you,' a retrospective of their numerous releases, entitled "Tinkers to Evers to Chance," will be released.

On the subject of their records, Miller remembers, "I just had the shakes when we turned 'Lolita Nation' into Enigma (their record company). I thought the executives would just be weirded out by the little snippets between songs despite the fact that percentage-wise they were not that much of the album." He was right, folks just failed to warm up to pieces like "Kenneth - What's The Frequency." On their next effort, "Two Steps From the Middle Ages," he allowed himself to be talked into taking a less elliptical approach to making a record. The result was greeted with even less enthusiasm by Enigma. "We didn't get a single or even a video," he states incredulously. "They decided they didn't work or something. Basically we should have put our foot down a whole bunch of times." Not too surprisingly, Miller wants to make sure their relationship with the label is a bit better this time around. "We may have to renegotiate the contract or something."

So there you go, dear reader. You now have a decision to make. Game Theory ought to have an album of new songs out this year. The whole band has suffered (even the Vancouver show promoter is beginning to be referred to as the 'long suffering' Ed Banger, but his suffering is only financial) so they have a lot of material ('good stuff'). It might be a double album. It ought to touch numerous emotional bases for a lot of you. On the other hand, Guns 'n' Roses should also have a double album out this year as well... which one are you going to buy?



than metal, which has been the currency for so long now." Miller is, however, the first to note the contradiction of such a wish. "How can you criticize that when I went through the same thing with Deep Purple and Black Sabbath. I couldn't have listened to Big Star at that time. But I would love to see more people like me get into music en masse, and get this base of support for it. Where would Pink Floyd be without people who wanted a little art in their rock, a little

from drunks in the audience, and some switching around of instruments which culminated with a sloppy cover of The Beatles' "Rain" (with Quercio, looking about thirteen years old, on drums), the following exchange took place between group leader Miller and new drummer Jozef Becker, formerly of Thin White Rope:

Drummer (holding up glossy album sized booklet)- "So this has all the lyrics for all the old records in it. It costs five

good stuff, but a lot of the time it does. I was telling the band the other day that it's sort of funny to call yourself a 'good songwriter' because any day you choose you might not be able to do it. After all, good songs come from an idea; anyone could have that idea. So you get it and you like it, and maybe some other people will like it. But you did not do anything to get that idea; it's a matter of having led the right life and listened to the right music and being in that

Hup #3 by R. Crumb
Published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies

Teaser and the Blacksmith by Timothy H. Glass
Published by Fantagraphics Books

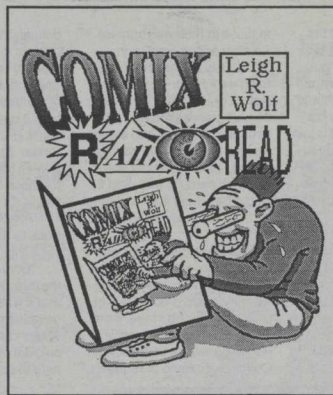
This month two of the more interesting comix in the stores these days. First up, the master of the medium, R. Crumb has released issue number three of his very own personal comix magazine, Hup. Crumb's obsession with the gentler sex has not cooled since the days of Honeybunch Kominiski or Lenore Goldberg and her Girl Commandos. Der Crumb'ler is still banging together the eternal allegory in an attempt to understand and satiate his more Martian instincts.

The first story in Hup #3 offers a typically venal attack of self-loathing. In "The Story Of My Life" Crumb portrays himself as a fortyish cartoonist dressed up as a baby being wheeled about in a perambulator. After an encounter with his legion of fans he escapes to the forest and spends the remainder of his afternoon playing poke the pickle with his nursemaid. Allegory being multi-levelled, I could say that Crumb is attempting here to rationalize the effect of pop stunts on his fragile ego. I could say that this story is a

bold statement pertaining to his creative process with the nursemaid representing the attainable muse, I will say that Crumb is a wacky artist who really just wants to have strange sex with lots of roles.

The second story, and the meat in his meal, is an abridged excerpt from Jean-Paul Sartre's Nausea. Few modern filmmakers have captured the essence of existentialism as Crumb does in his portrayal of the emui and angst of lunch with Sartre. Here the artwork startles the unsuspecting with referential nods to the Post-Impressionists and modern German film. Crumb has done this kind of 'thang before, most notably in his adaptation of Kraft-Ebbing's Psycho-Sexualis in the pages of Weirdo. The problem with Crumb's retelling is that his Jean Paul seems a rather disgusting fellow. So much for those humanitarian awards, eh Bob?

The last two offerings of Hup #3 are entertaining though unsettling. In "Point The Finger" (a talkshow format) our host offers up his very special guest, Donald Trump. After being kidnapped by two female commandos Trump is abused by Crumb and finally given a much needed swirl (lowering someone headfirst into a flushing toilet). Crumb puts it well when he says, "Isn't it a nutty kinda country, where you can



draw any irreverent, degrading thing you want about the most powerful people and nobody cares! You don't go to jail, you're not persecuted, they just ice you out of the marketplace."

This pseudo-catharsis having passed, the final offering involves Mr. Natural serving up an uncomfortable diatribe on the orgasm consciousness of this Devil Woman which leaves the lingering metallic taste of cold barbed wire...and

lingering Puritan morality that was mid-century New Zealand. The local squire, his wife, their henchmen, their social allies, and the rules of society all combine to force themselves on Johnny and exploit his talent in various nefarious ways.

In a slice of small town life circa 1956, glass weaves an old fashioned tale of softspice and adventure with both his hero and an anti-hero affirming Pan's natural laws by act three. The Teaser in question is young Johnny Pascoe, a stable boy beset by a strange musical gift/curse. The Blacksmith is Jack McCraw, a follower of nature who has the strength to observe the events surrounding him with humour and a graceful disdain. Their muse is the young Fern Sweetapple, a jockey with a taste for truth and a strong dislike for rotting vegetables.

The story is charming in its simplicity. Johnny has a rare musical gift that threatens his peaceful obscurity. His penis sings popular tunes from the Burl Ives songbook whenever it stands erect. To shake off the curse Johnny must lose his virginity which is, of course, more complex than it sounds.

There are no car chases though, there is a great horse race. There are no gut battles though there is a tasty scene where Johnny gets a pink-belly. All of the antagonists are familiar to anyone who has grown up

in an English speaking ex-British colony. The local squire, his wife, their henchmen, their social allies, and the rules of society all combine to force themselves on Johnny and exploit his talent in various nefarious ways.

The artwork here is reminiscent of Rick Geary in its cartoon roundness, the finely caricatured faces and exquisitely detailed backgrounds. Glass' inkwork is thick with well stated emotion and offers the reader a familiar hand from the first page onwards. The panels do get a bit confusing around the middle of the book, which is no doubt the result of a design apprenticeship not quite completed. On the plus side, the use of silhouettes to contrast primary action is quite unique as are the surreal renderings used to establish the dream sequences at the beginning and the end of the book. Teaser and the Blacksmith is a charming first international release from Timothy H. Glass, an emerging talent of the comix world.

An old pro from the days of yore still pulling the chain after twenty years of trying to flush his feelings and a young gun from the land of luscious green who promises his own brand of humour over the next twenty years. Until next month stay high, fly low, and feed your soul.





Let's talk cereal. Let me wax eloquent here. My number one childhood favourite was Cap'n Crunch, but now that I'm old and've sold out, Kellogg's Common Sense Corn Pops & Wheat is what greets me at the breakfast table of my morning.

But all the honoured tanks of those cereals of childhood, they have left my eyes as though it were just yesterday that I broke in my new set of teeth on them. Froo Loops, Sugar Pops, Honeycomb, Sugar Crisp, Alpha-Bits, and at the vanguard, Frosted Flakes. Hey, I still use Tony the Tiger's line in moments of extreme enthusiasm. I remember my mom sending away for this Tony the Tiger bowl & mug set which duly arrived a couple of weeks later. (Canada Post still worked in those days.) The bowl was indestructible, flaming-orange plastic with black stripes on it: and when I say "indestructible," I mean it's still in the kitchen cupboard today, black stripes long since eradicated by detergent but still proudly, garishly orange. Coolness.

So those were the cereals of the '70's, of childhood, of those blissful, carefree days of innocence. In the '80's things got fucked around. In two ways: a scammy trend toward natural, wholesome foods on the one hand, and on the other, all-out market saturation with the evillest, most additive-laden monsters the corporate slime could concoct.

As a direct result of the health-food craze, what I ate as Sugar Pops at the age of four has since been altered to "Sugar Corn Pops" and from thence to "Corn Pops." Same exact ingredients, same exact ability to turn the milk a phlegm yellow and send your blood-sugar level through the roof, only now consumers are supposta think, "Hey," "Corn," Pops...a whole-some, whole-grain source of 6 essential nutrients." That's another weird thing. Ever notice how even the purest junk cereals claim to be a source of at least 5 "essential nutrients"? Is glucose an essential nutrient? BHA? Carrageenan? Well, okay, maybe carrageenan is good for you, but still. You gotta

wonder. Anyway, I wait for the day when those ad exec's will just go, "Aw, what the fuck," and change it back to Sugar Pops.

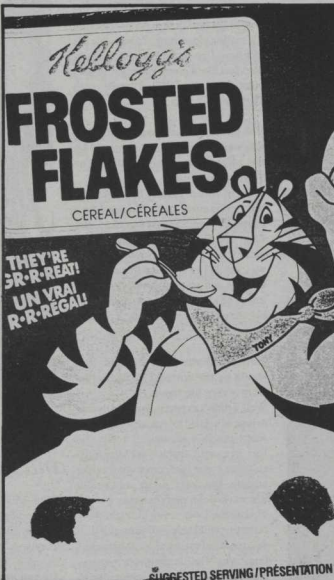
The same period, the early '80's, saw the rise of a plethora of cereals which might best be described as "the foods most closely resembling plastic." Lucky Charms, Smores, ProStars (endorsed by Wayne Gretzky), and marshmallow everything (Formula: Take any given cereal, pour liquid dextrose on, and throw in predigested bits of Styrofoam, et voila.) To balance the tide of the health movement, I guess, they even came up with a sugared version of Raisin Bran, namely Crispy Wheats 'n' Raisins. Golden Churns too sprang up out of this morass, but they're the one hyperartificial cereal I dig. Remember your English 10 - the Elizabethans used the word "artificial" as a compliment of the highest order.

One fringe benefit of this army of plasticcereals was the commercials they spawned, or were spawned on. "I'm koo-koo for Cocoa Puffs!" - why, it's poetry in motion; and even the Trix Rabbit has been immortalised by Public Enemy. Can't argue with that.

Back to reality. There was the time, preparing to leave for Save-On at Metroworld, I shouted down the hall to one of my roommates, "I'm going to Hell. Do you want me to pick you up any Life?" An eatworthy cereal to be sure, stupid commercials notwithstanding.

Small Cereals. They're cool. The gods were smiling upon me and my brother on the rare occasions my mom would consent to buying us one of those Kellogg's Multi-Paks. Then there'd be a convoluted debate over who got which sugared cereals and who was stuck with All-Bran. The only other time we might be blessed with a Small Cereals visitation was on vacations, if we ate breakfast in a greasy spoon or an Esso Way-farer. Jeex, I haven't had the pleasure of a Small Cereal since I'dnnowhen. I'll have to blast myself back to childhood one of these days.

Cheerios. Cheerios are Goddesses. There's something about them, some magical ingredient, maybe a controlled substance, that coats your spoon in a sort of powdery smuck, makes 'em taste real yummy, and in all likelihood contributes to their staying crunchy even after sustained immersion in milk. I'll bet I wasn't the only one who felt small twinges of panic during that distributors' strike last



year, when the familiar yellow boxes with black lettering disappeared from supermarket shelves for a couple weeks. Gives you some idea what it must be like to live in Poland.

Maybe not.

But, in the same way that there's nothing lip-smacking than Cheerios themselves, there are few things grosser than their cheap imitation, Toastie-O's. If you've ever wondered what it'd be like to eat sawdust, wonder no longer. Go out and buy one

of those generic blue-and-yellow boxes and be barfied. See, what I figure is that the makers of the generic kind have been unable to obtain the identity of the secret ingredient in real Cheerios and have attempted to make Cheerios without it. Just WON'T WORK, guys. Plus the "O" shapes are very crudely cut, seemingly by some Tinker Toy Korean version of the real Cheerio-cutting machine. Bo-gus.

Speaking of shape cereals,

Alpha-Bits are another favourite of mine that've been subtly altered by insidious marketing tactics. In the old days, they were plain old "Alpha-Bits," liberally coated in white powdered sugary stuff, making no pretense toward nutritional respectability. Then that dang health 'n' fitness craze came along and bang!, they were "Golden/Doree Alpha-Bits." Liberally coated in white powdered sugary stuff and some kinda tawny food-colouring agent to eliminate the anemic look. What they won't fuck around.

On to hot cereals. These range from simple, manual-preparation Cream of Wheat to those chemical-laden excesses known as Quaker Instant Hot Cereals. The latter which I was into for a while there, when I was still living at home and Mom was shelling out the buckage for the Maple & Brown Sugar variety. But when push came to shove I abandoned it. "Simple" Cream of Wheat actually comes in about a dozen different varieties nowadays, from the aforementioned regular, manual-preparation type on down the line to "Quick-Cooking," "Instant," and "Cooked 3 Nanoseconds Ago." You end up with basically the same thing anyway ("eine vorschit," as we say in Low German): a good, solid, white cud-like substance that, anointed with milk and brown sugar, is transformed into manna. You either love it or hate it. There's no middle ground with Cream of Wheat.

Same thing with porridge. I've already raved about Mom's rendition thereof so I won't say no more, but it occurs to me that it must have been porridge that the term "rib-sticking" was invented. Porridge is like the kid who, "When she was good, she was very good, but when she was bad, she...was...Horrible..."

An interesting historical cereal footnote. The inventor of Kellogg's cereals was also a fanatical anti-masturbation lobbyist who advocated female consualation to cure girls of this unseemly vice. And I eat his Corn Flakes. I tell ya.

So. Cereal rules. It's the most important component of a sustaining breakfast and, in all its plenitudinous variety, damn high impossible to tire of. There's something very comforting about a round-full bowl of cereal drenched in ice-cold dioxin-laden milk between yourself and the day (or night) ahead. Heck, maybe I'll even go out and buy a boxa Cap'n Crunch.





Currently on tour to promote The The's "Mind Bomb" LP, Johnny Marr finds himself in the awkward position of touring with a new band, yet being asked about his former group. Although Marr left The Smiths in 1987, citing the ubiquitous defecting band member reason of creative and personal constraints, he is still asked to relive the glory days and break-up of the band he left behind. While Morrissey is still in Manchester, posing, pondering and pontificating, apparently, Marr has become a member of Matt Johnson's The The.

Last month, Marr appeared on the cover of Guitar Player magazine, a place seldom reserved for musicians without gratuitous amounts of makeup, hairspray and spandex. He even received a mention in that bastion of respectability, Rolling Stone magazine.

And this past month he spoke to *Discorder*.

How long have you been on tour?
We started the tour in May last year and we took a break for 2 months and now we're going back out. So it's almost like being on a new tour, really.

How is it being on tour this time?
Oh, fantastic, I really love it.

How has the response been?
Really good, really good. Everything's been going exactly to plan, better than we imagined, really. Personally I'm having a really good time, touring wise, 'cause the last couple of Smiths tours weren't such a good time, and it kind of put me off touring a little bit. But even-



rybody's having such a good time it's given me some encouragement. I'm really optimistic now about touring; it's great, I really love it.

Is it quite different touring with The The than it was with The Smiths?
Yeah, it is. One thing is that we feel like we're a new group which is quite good; the novelty of us all playing together is still quite strong. And everybody wants to be on the road; it's not one of these things where we have to tour or we're tired, or we need a break or stuff which happened toward the end of The Smiths' career. There are a couple of tours we just shouldn't have done, but you just kind of get involved in the whole roll of things. This is different because we don't have to do it. It's great.

How do you feel the audience is reacting? Are they coming to see Johnny Marr, ex-of The Smiths, or The The?

I think, to be honest, it is a little bit of both. There are plenty of people who have wanted to see Matt for a long, long time, myself included. There are some Smiths fans who do come along to see me, but after the very first song they realize it's a The The gig in every sense of the word, and I'm a member of The The. And I think they sort of settle in and enjoy it a little more.

Do you see any similarities in The Smiths and The The; a similarity in say the "brooding genius" types of Morrissey and Matt Johnson?
That's good if you see that.

Did you do this intentionally?
Well, the thing is, I can't really get involved with anybody who's not as intense about what they do as I am about my guitar playing and writing. Both Morrissey and Matt are incredibly intense as people, both are incredibly obsessed with lyrics and what they do and so, there are some similarities there, definitely. Musically it is quite

different, which is something I really welcome. The Smiths were founded on the Brill Building ethic, cross that with The Ramones, and you've sort of got what we were all about: great short, sharp pop songs. This is a little bit more cinematic, for want of a better word, and the songs suit the live arena really well.

What about the other work you have done with The Talking Heads, Pretenders, Bernard Sumner (of New Order): how do you view their music?

The thing is after The Smiths I really wanted to be a session player. I make no kind of apologies or excuses for it. I really wanted to do sessions. Mostly because I wanted to play guitar, but I really didn't want the responsibility of being in a group because when I'm in a group I have to be obsessed, I have to be obsessed about the music and about the other player. And that sometimes feels a little dangerous because it's easy to get hurt or hurt people because it's really a close thing. So with this it's like here I go again because it really does feel like a group and my role with other people is fulfilled totally with The The.

You have been quoted as saying that you were surprised and flattered by the offers you received after The Smiths broke up.

Well, of course I really had to look. I was public enemy #1 in England for a couple of years and that was okay. But I had to look at the worst kind of scenario when I left The Smiths and that was, would I be prepared to go back on the dole and go pretty much back to a life of obscurity. That was an incredibly attractive proposition for me at the time.

How could you have thought that would be the outcome? The Smiths were a very big band.

Well, I didn't expect it, but I really had to look at it. I had to look at things in the worst possible scenario. I really did feel, in a sense, that it was really difficult, but it was like committing career suicide, kamikaze career move. But it's worked out okay because I really did believe I was doing the right thing for everyone else as well as myself. I'm still quite defensive about it because I know what The Smiths meant to everybody, but I see the rest of the band now, on and off, and everyone seems really happy. So it must have been a really great move.

Do you still have a good friendship with Morrissey?

No, I wouldn't say a good friendship. We're not enemies, I don't see Morrissey. I occasionally send him the odd note.

Do you like the music he has done since The Smiths?

Yeah, I do like his new music. I think the best stuff is yet to come, because I really know what he is capable of. I



"...the whole music industry is clogged and have said what they were going to do"

think he'll find his feet with the right partner. I really liked "Suedehead" and I really like "Life of the International Playboys."

Do you have the chance to work in a 50/50 way with Matt Johnson the way you did with Morrissey?

Oh yeah. The thing is with Matt when the time came to put together a band he initially thought he wanted to get people who were as good at doing what they do as he is. He wanted to get the best drummer in the world, the best guitar player, but what has really happened is that the group is so right at this point in time because there is no compromise. For me to be in a group is almost like a relationship. For a relationship to be perfect you shouldn't have to compromise. And all the group's personal ambitions and aspirations are all kind

of in sync. For instance, James Elliot loves being the bass player in The The, everything he wants to do as a bass player and a person is fulfilled in this group. And I'd say that's the same for all of us really. So I don't feel compromised in the slightest. Especially as I really joined Matt to be the guitar player more than a writer.

Do you see yourself tiring of The The and moving on to do other things, maybe a solo project?

Well, the only way to be in a group properly is to be obsessed, and the only way we can all really work at the moment is to have the opinion that we're going to stay together forever. We really do see it as a long term thing and I'm going to stay. It's the first question most people ask me because I've flitted around and played with lots



With Lisa Christiansen

up full of people who are all burned out, say and should just get out of the way..."

bang it down, we spent a long time with the Electronic thing, but it really is something we did for our own enjoyment. And we haven't even got a deal out of it. That's kind of the extent that we're just into it for music.

Do you hope to make the same sort of impact with The The that you did with The Smiths? Sort of legendary status?

Not really. With that comes its own inherent kind of problems. I think we are already reaching the audience we want to reach. We really don't want to be the next U2 or the next Smiths. Another thing is that Matt's been going on his own right for about 10 years. And no, it's a different kind of impact. I'm a little bit older now as well.

Are you less nervous touring now?

Oh yeah. Much less nervous. I'll have to see how the next few gigs go, but I'm less nervous and there's less pressure to be the legendary group or have a legendary event go on. We're really into just being intense for an hour or hour and a half and letting people make up their own minds.

What are the differences in the music scene between England and North America?

Well, there are vast differences. The main thing is that in England a lot of groups make records specifically for the music press. This isn't just an English problem, but a lot of groups write their review before they write the song. Which is a real shame. Everything is geared to the end result.

Also, the musical politics of who I work with in England I find really retarded and juvenile because the politics of me working with Matt Johnson or with Brian Ferry consume people to the point that they don't even hear the record.

And I'm careful. I've seen English musicians come to America and say "I love this place I'm going to stay here." There are some great things about the English scene, but there are vast differences. One good thing is that a group like Happy Mondays from Manchester can get on "Top of the Pops." A really healthy thing.

Smaller bands do have a better shot at making it in England than in North America. Here you have to really pay your dues.

Yeah, you do. This isn't just in music, it extends to all forms of life. In England, the English always like to champion the underdog. They really do. I'm sure it's just a natural human thing. But in England it's not just a question of building you up to knock you down but once you get successful you have to really fight hard just to keep your place there.

In England it's a far more inspiring situation where as in America someone can have a hit record in 1972 and by the very fact that they were successful, they stay successful. And I think that's awful, really. It means that

the whole music industry is clogged up full of people who are all burned out, and have said what they were going to say and should just get out of the way. The people involved in the music industry just try and keep this whole thing going; a really patronizing attitude towards modern musicians. Whereas if you weren't there in the '60s, man, you really missed out, nothing of any value has happened since the '60s. Or outstretched punk rock. That means nothing to me and it means nothing to kids of 15. And the reason people keep that myth going is that it's all their age group. The thirtysomethings. It's in their interests.

What about retro-trend? In Vancouver several of our major radio stations are dedicated only to '60s and '70s music.

I think that's really dull and boring, it's making modern music vanguardian. It's going to create a generation gap between the thirtysomethings and the next generation. I'm really sick of it. Speaking as someone who is quite well-grounded in the traditions of pop music, you know, The Smiths were formed, for me anyway, on stolen songs. I'm really aware of that. But personally I'm really tired of young men trying to act like old men; it's actually worse than old men trying to act like young men. I see U2 with B.B. King and, oh my God, you know B.B. King must be so pleased. (laughs) I mean, "Thanks U2." They're an easy target because they are the biggest band in the world, and that's a bit of a cheap shot, but you know, I'm 26 and I live in 1990 and I find it incredibly flattering that people kind of assume that I like the idea of being last in a long line of guitar heroes. It's quite an achievement, but I really don't want anything to do with that nonsense. It has very little to do with music to me. And very little to do with modern style. I find people assume that I want that because it seems like the highest accolade you can give to a guitar player.

Did you feel strange, then, appearing on the cover of Guitar Player magazine?

No, not at all. I think I should be on the cover of all guitar magazines. Because I think it's far better than some guy in some stupid outfit, in his cock-rock posturing. It's a shame. I think there should be more guitar players like me around.

Do you think it's more inspiring to guitar hero wanna-be's to see you? Well, it's more inspiring if you just play great music. I know that's an obvious answer but this whole guitar culture is such an anachronism it's unbelievable. It's got nothing to do with music, and very little to do with the kids I know. There are plenty of heavy metal fans and it's exclusively boys music, all in celebration of being a boy. And women just don't come into it unless it's some kind of derogatory imagery. I'm not saying anything new here, but I'm not unique in that I've been brought up really closely with a sister. I just hate that whole sexism trip. It's awful and I really don't want to be included in any of that nonsense.

What do you listen to and/or read on your own time?

At the moment I'm reading Gore Vidal, I think he's really good. And I listen to groups like Fatback, that sort of early 70s funk. And Ohio Players, Jimi Hendrix, some blues, Howlin' Wolf, New Order I really like, Happy Mondays.

Are you inspired to write music from other works or is it just from your own head?

Yeah, it is nowadays. When I first started out I was inspired by a lot of people's work. Nowadays I just want to do something a bit more "from within." It sounds kind of corny, but that's really where I'm at the moment. I try to be a lot more natural about it, and less strategic.



of people in the last couple of years I've been too busy and didn't want to make my own record, but I've got a strong musical family, as it were, with Kirsty MacColl and Bernard and so on, and I like to make records so maybe this year I'll do one of my own.

Could you see yourself putting together a kind of "Super Group" of musical friends?

Honestly, no way. Because the way I see it, my options have been narrowed and narrowed. The The tour has been such good fun that I really do feel like I've been involved in the 2 great English 4 or 5 piece rock groups of the 1980s. If I was going to do my own record I would want to do something different.

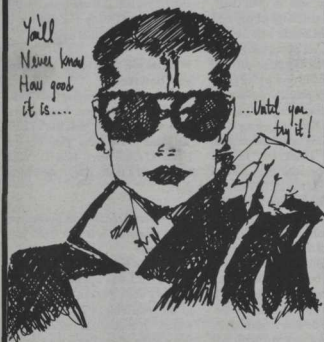
It's great because there isn't that much pressure on me to follow Morris-

sey. I might do something slightly instrumental. Because I don't really have this desire to sell millions and millions of records. Or go out and promote it, because I really love The The. That's the thing with Electronic (collaboration with Bernard Sumner). I can see how people could see it that both of us are successful and known, people could imagine it as a conceptual supergroup. If anything, it's the opposite because both of us, Bernard and myself, like to make records but don't like the fuss that goes along with it. Because Bernard has it with New Order and I have it with The The. It's just an exercise of two friends getting together to make records, like disco.

The single we have out right now is just like a disco record. And I hate to use the word hobby because we take the music very seriously, we don't just

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MEANYOUNG ART

BRAINTEATER

DAVIDE TAN

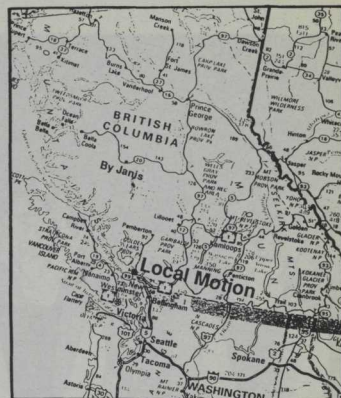
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And now, this month's demos in review...

The Worst—"The Creepy Thing" This demo, while abysmally recorded, is far from justifying the band's name. My first reaction was that, with a little work, The Worst could be a garage band, but really all the elements are already here: those snarling but somehow basically happy vocals, the distorted guitar, the heavy-handed but catchy riffs. There's a good song here to be dug up from under all this bad production.

Knight Child—"How Does It Feel" I can't resist mentioning that the band's from Surrey, and a lot of clichés do spring to mind here. This is the group's ballad, I suppose, complete with a thin and synthetic keyboard break, quavery singing, and, later on, a pretty standard softer metal-variety guitar solo. Knight Child, apparently, is not a band that is familiar with alternative music...

Super Caustic Fertilizer—"Sweating Bullets" I saw these guys February 6th at the Arts Club's last evening of bands, where they had a hard time warming up the audience. Unfortunately this demo isn't especially inspiring either. Sure, they're loud and fast, but lots of other bands have been too, over the last ten or so years. Still, being only a couple of months old right now, Super Caustic Fertilizer has plenty of time to develop a sound.

Greenhouse—"Dive" At last, a demo from former members of Brilliant Orange and the French Letters and so on and so on... Jay and Graham are

two of the best singers in Vancouver, and it's their harmonies that are so memorable, both in live performances and on this 6-song tape. With the exception of lots of noise, this band just about has it all - Greenhouse's songs are obviously the product of especially talented songwriters and musicians. "Dive," while perhaps the most striking of their songs (the backing vocals always make it stand out from the rest of the set), is just one of many successful collaborations.

Picasso Set—"Yummy" (cassette single) One or two of these songs have already been play-listed at CTR as demos, but now this 3-song tape is available in stores at an encouragingly low price. On the negative side (not including the fact that one of the songs, "Love's Train Wreck," gets its title misspelled - in two different ways - on the cover and the cassette itself, since after all no-one probably noticed but me), the make-it-yourself tape cover lets the cassette slide right out of it (even if you are careful to follow the English instructions for assembly), and people who've never cared for Picasso Set's penchant for name-dropping are bound to be unhappy with this product. But on the positive side, this generally undernoticed band has good catchy songs and a vintage pop sound like nobody else's around here. My favourite song is still "Somebody Girl," especially for its keyboard riff, although the recording doesn't do justice to Dave's voice and the female backing vocals perhaps aren't quite as well-planned as they could be. I hope this cassette single idea catches on - it's a good cheap way to own a decent tape of a local band.

**Love Battery
Tankhog
Mudhoney
Town Pump**

Monday, February 12th

"Okay, so, like, Mudhoney, Town Dump, night of February 12th. A Monday. I stride past a patient line-up of ticket purchasers on my way in. Amazed, as often, at how incredibly huge a city Vancouver must be...I mean, all these people, and I still haven't seen a single one I know.

"Mudhoney..." said Julie thoughtfully over the dishes. "...I kinda like that name..."

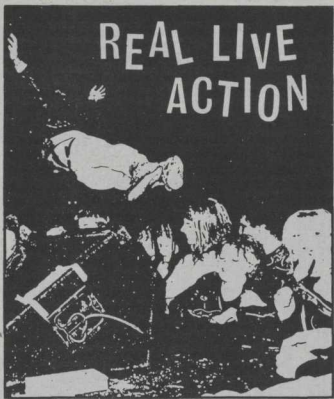
A lot of people obviously like more than just the name. Or used to, and are putting in an appearance here merely for the sake of being able to say, "Yeah, I saw Mudhoney live..." - Me among them. Looks like everybody and his hair has turned up for this. Even Hooker-Women of the Roxy.

Quarter past ten and we

the quote. After the fact too, I am told that this is a band who'll kill me if I don't give them a good review.

"Short-Man Syndrome run amok." I scribble, apropos of their lead singer "...in the best possible direction, I guess." The hairshakers congregating on the floor are somewhat greater in number and somewhat less peristaltic than those who materialized for Love Battery. In fact, by the end of their set the floor's dang near covered in them. Said set is perpetrated upon us by one bass, two guitars, drums, and vocals courtesy of a singer fresh outta Chi Pig High. Inject a little time-warp and these guys could've done the soundtrack to Easy Rider, such is their bombastic sonic barrage. They play a Dolls cover; introduce one number with "This song is all about beer consumption...and the acts that follow"; seem to have a large contingent of groupies; and play an interminable

with the sentiments therein.) Etcetera. Mark Arm sneers from the top of the steaming grunge-meister's heap. "They're not quite as grunge-y as we are, but..." (referring to the opening bands), and very adeptly mocks the "Town Pump - Live!" signs that seem to be obliterating the wall surfaces. "Everybody! Where are we!! - At the Town Pump - Live!!" The band play; they rock; and, taking severe liberties with the English language, I scribble a note to the effect of, "Gyrating to this nincompoocy."



Mudhoney are moving up in this world in more ways than one; they've got big security dudes lurking around the stage, and we're subjected to an over-long drum solo (possibly the stupidest juxtaposition of words in the language) as their set winds down. An 'that's it, folks: with a bout of Drummer Histrionics, the Green River phoenix folds up. I stumble blearily to the coat check lineup, vaguely conscious that I oughta be deadlier than I am after something like this, but other than that, a satisfied customer. Though whether

right up the side fire escape, just as the play "Dead Serious" was letting out, through the empty theatre and down some stairs to heaven: The Arts Club Lounge!

I'll go to the Coliseum gig, I dunno.

Viola Funk

**Super Caustic Fertilizer
Dirt**

**Sarcastic Mannequins
Arts Club**

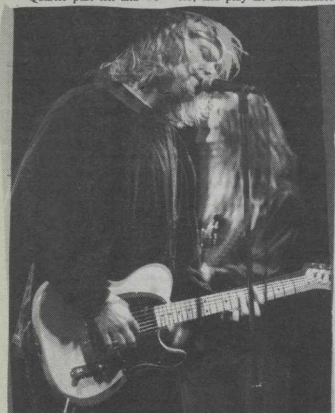
Saturday, February 3rd

A long, leathered, rough line-up began to form early on that Saturday evening for "night two" of the Arts Club's last stand. Outside, the super-revved-up crowd was ready to take revenge on the management for the cutting the power on Curious George the night before. It was not like I was going to "bud" my way into that line of soldiers. Arrgh!!!

So, quickly I devised an alternate plan to sneak into the Arts Club, and boy did I sneak

glass from the floor. Then into the midnight hour, complete with ratty fishnet stockings, bare skin and a new drummer, it was the Sarcastic Mannequins' turn to harmoniously bellow out the hits. Tune after tune, in the true muffled, surly "Clapton solo through a Sears amp" style, the Mannequins rocked out for a frenzied herd of enthusiastic slam-dancers.

After the Mannequins' set, as the clock ticked away, people were getting edgy, but it wasn't time for souvenirs yet; it was time for Dirt. Yeah, cheese-city metal. And did the crowd undulate to this four piece - like we're talking major primo wig-out action here! Davey Badnic, lead screamer/guitarist and once proud owner of a 62 Falcon, helped present a barrage of



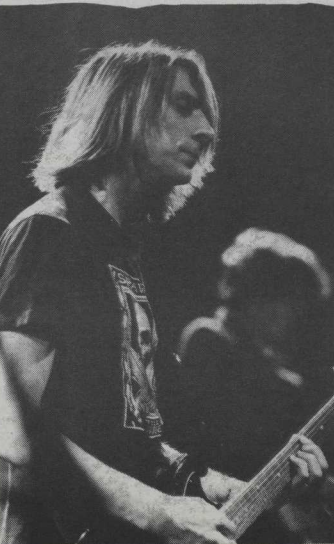
Love Battery photo: Len Whidder

have music. I'm launched into a foul mood for Love Battery's set by being told by a dickwad of a bouncer to stand up rather than sit on the steps. '86 Street revisited. But hey, they're not as bad as I'd been warned; I'm more or less groovin' to it. Lots and lotsa scintillating guitar sounds, the kind that get right up between your legs and gnaw at you, even if delivered between fits of verbal Mudhoney ass-kicking from Lead Singer Man. Good name too. The band play a half-hour set and then make way for Tankhog.

About whom I write in my little black book. "Oh, so this is what all the Roxy hookers came to see," causing me no end of bewilderment later when I find

set, I guess to make up for Love Battery's brevity. "Tankhog were just - Tankhog," in the words of a friend, but for all that, can't say I didn't like 'em. (Remember, at this point I still hadn't heard that warning.)

Hey! Are we talking Mudhoneydom here?! Not as much back as I expected. (Though after Superconductor, could there ever be?) But down there on the floor - hordes a thrashing hair! Stage diving galore! Objects being flung on-stage! And from the band - Stupid jokes about Teamsters! Fastbacks covers! A gratifying rendition of "Touch Me I'm Sick" (Gratifying not so much in its execution, but in my ability by this time to empathise



Mark Arm of Mudhoney



right up the side fire escape, just as the play "Dead Serious" was letting out, through the empty theatre and down some stairs to heaven: The Arts Club Lounge!

Stuart Slut, the doorman, then proceeded to nicely "Paula Abdul" my withering body right into the middle of the packed dance floor, just in time to see Super Caustic Fertilizer wind up their set of loud, powerful, ugly, poetic lyricism. (These guys have a mighty fine demo here at CTR, so phone up and request it 'cause they're really feeling down after having been burnt out of a possible headlining spot at The Metro).

By this time the olde Club had "Way too many people," according to an employee called "Nuts!," who kept the ever-present Granville Island Management Team happy (and possibly saved the evening) by gathering up heaps of smashed

"stupid" rawk combined with Circle Jerkin', Black Flaggin' favourites. When "A Piece of the Action," was dedicated to local shysters Tankhog, the place went bonkers. Everything seemed to be up for grabs. Underagers stole beer mugs to remind themselves how many times they'd snuck into the Club and puked, while those of legal age ripped wooden planks from the walls to show their wives. Hey, it wasn't a riot, not a near riot, it was just another normal weekend at that funky place we once called the Arts Club Lounge.

**Nardwuar the Human
Serviette**

(Club Chatter: Tammy, Arts Club bartenderess supreme, wants Vancouverites to know the Bar is STILL open Friday and Saturday nights. No live music, but still a boss scene.)

MARCH 1990 17

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 8AM-NOON
The newest new music. Lyrics, Chorus, melody, and more. Hosted by Luciano Berio and Gioacchino Scialoja (maybe).

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:30-3:00PM
Reggae, rock steady and ska with George Banett.

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3-6:00PM
Larkin Munz provides the best of blues, rhythm and blues, funk and soul.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
CTR's in-depth current affairs/news magazine show. Coverage and analysis of the day's news and sports, daily editorial commentary, entertainment review and reports on events here at UBC, all in a comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And we promise, no traffic reports.

HEAR SAY 8:30-9:00PM
What's in the fire... ON RADIO! Hear what our contributing authors have to say. Poetry, radio plays, creative non-fiction, short stories, and the best of the bunch. If YOU want to contribute, get in touch with Kim, Richard, Arlie, Barbara or Chris at 228-0171.

DE/COMPOSITIONS 8-9:00PM
Newman! Cautic! Alphabets! Coupled with varied film snippets. Spoken word. Alternate Sundays with...

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 8-9:00PM
Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global culture of resistance. Hosted by Horacio de la Cueva. Alternate Sundays with DE/Compositions.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-MIDNIGHT
Join host Dave Emory for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KJCC (Los Altos, CA).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12-1:00AM
So what if Barry doesn't show up any more? Who gives a shit? Guido and Tim tell you.

MONDAYS

MISCELLANY 7:30-8AM
Rebroadcast of Friday's broadcast.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
From the famous alien to the not-so-famous B.C. World Service, tune up with the CTR Morning Show. Information to go, news, sports, weather and "viewer's view" (read: radio) reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberto Hog prices.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
Lunch goes down better with the Afternoon Report. Tune in for a little news, sports, and weather.

A SHOW OF STRENGTH 1:15-3:00PM
After a peaceful 15 mins. of News, from out of nowhere a tidal wave of audio deflection leapt onto your forehead and bashed your head and brain, and out of course your ears. Chances are you had an ultra-high level vinyl arrangement. What a wonderful world!

SOUND OF REALITY 3-6:00PM
Experimental radio, with Vision! Featuring environmental sounds, found noises, information/propaganda and the worlds primitive and experimental musics from the auditory files. Use! Contributors welcome. Postcard: Anthony Roberts.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
See Sunday for details. Join host Kim every weekdays.

SPORTS DIGEST 6:30-8:00PM
Join the CTR Sports Department for all the latest in Thunderbird varsity sports action and sports everywhere else for that matter. Interviews, too.

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOOREHOUSE 6-7:00PM
The big mouth is back, bigger and louder than ever, taking on all the issues that are take-onable!

THE JAZZ SHOW 7:00PM-12:00AM
Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. None of that late night groovy/silly/early weekend jazz. Features of 11. Hosted by the ever-ecstatic Gavin Wolfe.

8th The Duke Ellington Orchestra from The Philharmonic Collection, cassette of recent-

before-hand recordings. Great new insights into The Maestro's muscimind from July and September 1962.

20th Charles Parker died on this day 1955. We honour "Bird" by playing a Jam Session with Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges, and others.

19th Phil Woods (also sax) is one of the great followers of "Bird". Tonight a classic date from 1957 with Phil's working band.

24th David Bop, a wonderful record by Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers recorded in 1955.

TUESDAYS

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOOREHOUSE 6:30-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Monday night's programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and the Glenn Miller Orchestra.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM
Country music to escape the cowpat off your boots to. With yer hot-poke, Jeff Gray.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3-6:00PM
Dante Director Dale Sawyer provides some insights into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music. And he's not telling you which is which!

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
See Monday for details.

OUT OF CONTEXT 6:30-8:00PM
New show! Sound bites from the cutting room floor.

B.C. FOLK 6-7:00PM
New! I'm! Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists with Bob Wootton.

NEON MEAT DREAM 7-9:00PM
Like your worst nightmare and most erotic dream combined. God what a mess. With Pete Lutyehy.

WEDNESDAYS

SOUND BITES 7:30-8PM
Rebroadcast of Tuesday's 5:30 programme.



In the Kw language of Yonah, there are two words for radio: "Ghosh-ghoshum" (mutter of voices), and "A-soro ma gb'et" (that which speaks without pausing for reply). CTR 101.9 FM is. Listen and find out for yourself. But first read ON THE DIAL.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

MORNING BREATH 8:15-10:00AM
To follow, open one eye, and share your Wednesday morning waking experience with Daisy. Cold pizza, lukewarm coffee and music to jolt you back into existence. You think I'm impulsive?

7th The Rogues
14th Nick Cave
21st The Fall
28th The Sittin' Wow Wow

THURSDAYS

OUR TALENTED FAMILY 10-11:00AM
Recordings of live performances of the UBC School of Music: The Contemporary Players, Student Composers, Guest Artists, Stage Band, World Music... and others.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME 3-6:00PM
Sound waves to sink your teeth into, with yer host Paula the radio sex goddess.

FRIDAYS

ARTS CAFE 6:30-6:40 PM
Be updated, be with it, be informed about Art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. With Arlie!

THE NO HOST BAR 6-8:00PM
Richard Goss knows the Dada Lingo. Bonnie did a theme song for a Richard Goss movie. Pat and Lach have looked of the cover of Bonnie and Clyde. Coincidence? We think not!

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT! 8-10:30 PM
See Monday for details.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW 8-10:30 PM
See Monday for details.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
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See Monday for details.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
See Monday for details.

TOP OF THE BOPS 7:00-8:00PM
New! Artist: Tini Lopez, Bonnie Setter, and The Phantoms all love you. Most could even bring back 'n' to its roots.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 7-9:00PM
Join Ed, Peter, and John for a real live live from your livingroom, automobile or Walkman. If YOU or YOUR BAND are interested in participating, give Ed a call at 462-9261.

THURSDAYS

CURRENT AFFAIRS SHOW 7-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Wednesday's 5:30 show.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and Chris.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 10-11:00AM
Always and forever dedicated to stuffing your eads with the sounds of the Northwest South West (you define). Send stuff please!

JIGGLE NOON 1-3:00PM
Gavin knows from the dead. The same old crap that nobody likes. JIGGLE JIGGLE. JIGGLE it the cows come home.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

FLUX YOUR HEAD 3-6:00PM
HARD CORE

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
See Monday for details.

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See Monday for details.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFE 6:30-6:40 PM
Be updated, be with it, be informed about Art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. With Arlie!

THE NO HOST BAR 6-8:00PM
Richard Goss knows the Dada Lingo. Bonnie did a theme song for a Richard Goss movie. Pat and Lach have looked of the cover of Bonnie and Clyde. Coincidence? We think not!

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT! 8-10:30 PM
See Monday for details.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW 8-10:30 PM
See Monday for details.

outflow uncontrollably during Let's Ask Valerie (8:45), call in your votes for Lillian's Choice (9:15), then all back and enjoy the music worth of fun on 804 Record Hour (9:30). Mmm - good!

DAVE RADIO 10:30PM-12:30AM
New show! Mr. Radio David Campbell is back!

MEGAFAST 12:30-4:00 AM
New! If you want your car request whole show! Phone in! Requests for individual songs rule the continuity of your show, so instead I will build my show around specials requested by you. 228-2487.

FRIDAYS

ARTS CAFE 7-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Thursday's 5:30 show.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Stefan and a yard full of smiles and happiness.

NOW YOU HAS JAZZ 8:15-10:30AM
Join Tommy Paley for a mixture of jazz music, insight and depth. Ideas, requests, and comments are always welcome and become the 30 minute radio show.

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM
Join host Mac MacIntyre, she takes you on a tour through the sheer screen's backlot of life with film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN 1:15-3:00PM
The greatest of the CTR DJ trip to go to gemstone and take root on the air. If you are interested in CTR programming possibilities, phone the Program Director at 228-0171.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE - PART ONE 3:30-5:30PM AND PART TWO 5:30-7:30PM
Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized noise. The cover of Bonnie and Clyde and collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian production.

MISCELLANY 6:30-8:00PM
Join Kim Trainor and Stefan Ellis for 21 days of definitive frequency modulation. Lots of stuff about everything everywhere. Varies weekly.

AND NOW THIS 6:30-8:00PM
And this. And this. And this.

INTERFERENCE 8:30-7:00PM
It's back. Including "The Record".

HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL 7-9:00PM
Radio adaptations of movies. Taping the movie is strictly prohibited.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPATRON 9PM-12:30 AM
The dance floor beat brought to you by DJ Mick Rock. Pin them needles!

JOIN THE RHYTHM MACHINES 12:30-4:00AM
Exploring the relationship between post-night-out craziness, the complexity of human movement performance, and exercise-related mood enhancement. Featuring: Nite Ed, NITEFM, Musical Instruments, 242, the Network and West Coast. Hosted by: David Ullian. Features: 14th Avenue of San/Swans 2nd A 3 of Argonne 30th Severed Heads Tom Elard Upcoming Interviews: Nite Ed, Bonnie, Mike and Richard tendencies...

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EGGS BAN-NOON
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best audio/roots/rock/musical music show. Now in its fifth year on CTR UBC Soccer Report at 11:30.

THE BRUNCH REPORT NOON-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and an appropriate amount of more.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground and special to mainstream metal. Local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rothbard and Metal Ron do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3-6:00PM
The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by D's Neil Scooby, Chaz Barker and Bill Toots.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
See Monday for details.

THE YAP GAP 6:30-8:00PM
See Monday for details.

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG
See Monday for details.

MARSHA BRADY
See Monday for details.

RADIO FREE PARKING
See Monday for details.

THE CTR NEWS MAGAZINE 6-8:30PM
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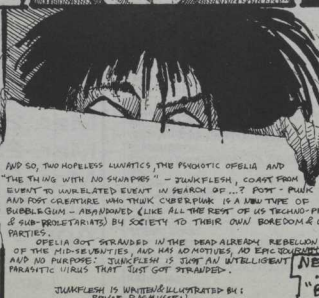
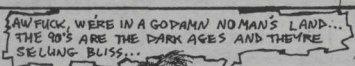
HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT! 8-10:30 PM
See Monday for details.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW 8-10:30 PM
See Monday for details.

OPEN EACH NIGHT FROM 9:30 pm - 1:30 am OPEN WEEKDAYS FROM 11:30 am



FOR THE UNBELLIED: THE WOMAN WITH BLACK HAIR IS JUNKFLESH, WHICH IS A VIRUS, NOT A ZOMBIE. THE VIRUS UNLOCKS THE RECENTLY DECEASED



AND SO, TWO HOPELESS LUNATICS, THE PSYCHOTIC OPHELIA AND "THE THING WITH NO SHAPES" - JUNKFLESH, COAST FROM EVENT TO UNRELATED EVENT IN SEARCH OF...? POST-PUCK AND POST-CREATURE WHO THINK CUBERDUNK IS A SUBSTITUTE OF BUBBLE GUM - ABANDONED LIKE ALL THE REST OF US TECHNO-PROLES & SUB-PROLETARIATES BY SOCIETY TO THEIR OWN BOREDOM & USELESS PARTIES.

OPHELIA GOT STRANDED IN THE DEAD-ALREADY REBELLION OF THE MID-SEVENTIES, AND HAS NO MOTIVES, NO EPIC SOUNDS AND NO PURPOSES. JUNKFLESH IS TINY AND UNINTELLIGENT PARASITIC VIRUS THAT JUST GOT STRANDED.

JUNKFLESH IS WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY: BRUCE RAHN (USSEN)

NEXT: JUNKFLESH MATES WITH TV. ...OPHELIA EATS FRITOS, IN "BORDUM 1990."

Attila the Stockbroker Live at the Rivoli (Festival)

Spoken word poetry. Ah, the one form of recorded expression that commercial radio can never wrench from the clutches of college radio. Lydia Lunch, Henry Rollins, Jello Biafra, and Emilio Cuervo are the vanguard of the spoken word scene. Quickly closing in, however, is Attila the Stockbroker, a chap who really shouldn't be in this catch-up position, having been "ranting" since the original British punk movement of the mid-1970s. Import prices on his previous releases and the lack of their availability, are prime reasons why Attila isn't ranked higher among the purveyors of spoken word status quo sabotage, at least in North America. Hopefully this will change with adequate promotion of "Live at the Rivoli," his debut domestic product. It is being handled by the Vancouver Folk Festival people who brought him over to Canada for the first time last year.

No one's lap is spared here on that summer's eve in Toronto's Rivoli Club when the bile that has accumulated during Attila's trans-Atlantic flight spews forth like a ruptured blis-

ter ripened in the desert sun. Morrissey ("I'm So Miserable"), media magnate Rupert Murdoch ("The Bible According to Rupert Murdoch"), journalists ("The Newshound"), and BBC DJs ("College Radio Rap") are all targets of Attila's scathing and primarily humorous commentary.

Standouts also include "Libyan Students from Hell" which deals with the hysteria surrounding Qaddafi's nowhere-to-be-found hit squads of the Reagan years, Motorhead's "Ace of Spades" as interpreted by Jean-Paul Sartre, and "Contributory Negligence," which questions the validity of a much too common court decision that places the blame upon the victims of rape. Attila the Stockbroker appears at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre on March 20.

Lloyd Ulliana

Ministry The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste (Sire)

Ministry may be the ultimate expression of raw emotional power expressed in music. Hope, fear, anger and frustration combine in a chaotic powerhouse of electronic drums, guitar samples and tortured lyr-



ics. "The Mind" is a far more focused and personal work than the previous "Land of Rape and Honey."

Acoustic drumming overlays the programmed drum tracks and much of the guitar is not sampled. Many different background vocalists were also added to supplement Alain Jourgensen's vicious chants and mysterious spoken word samples occur throughout the

album, giving insight into the feelings being expressed. The resultant music occupies the fine line between the guitar/drum qualities of Metallica and the best lyrical/vocal styles of the Dead Kennedys and Public Enemy.

Ministry has successfully borrowed elements from thrash metal, punk, rap and industrial to create a highly original sound which affects the listener like a

raw adrenaline injection straight into the heart.

Gene Derrett

Greater Than One G-Force (Wax Trax/US)

Greater Than One (>1) are an English duo whose works best fall into the category of multi-media. Together as a team they produce artworks: paintings, sculptures, and installations; they make videos and films for performances and for combined exhibitions of their works, and they produce multi-media events in theatres which combine almost all aspects of their works including music, which they create, record, and produce themselves.

Their musical output has been gaining illustrious momentum, culminating in what could be one of the most interesting and ground-breaking works of the nineties-their latest LP, "G-Force." The range of styles, sounds, moods and concepts is incredibly comprehensive; one can soon taste the strong desire to communicate that >1 must possess. Their ideas are not often expressed through lyrics of their own; instead, an impressive collage of samples, found voices, choirs, treated orchestra passages, and taped dialog flow

symphonically along a sonically visual time-line that seems to defy time. It engulfs your ears in sensual, powerful, yet stimulating, and emotion promoting aural collage. The intensity of each song builds and falls dramatically, carrying the ears in a sometimes hard, sometimes soft, seat of rhythms. The space required to do this music: journalistic justice would make the editor faint. So what I want you to do is go and get this record, and you will complete this review with your own impressions.

If you are interested in music, especially the music being made today, then you will be interested in this record. It will not sit quietly on your turntable, it will transform your imagination and liquify your expectations of what music is "supposed" to be like. The degree to which you are impressed will probably depend on how bored you are with popular, mainstream music; one spin by the cynical could renew their hope for the future.

Technology, art, ideas, and courage can be combined to create important, relevant music that affects the way we judge our world. This is such a work. I now dare to imagine what they may do next...

Robert Shea



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literature, art,
poetry, etc.

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DANCING

on the CLOUDS

1 NOW VISITED MY FAMILY ONLY SPORADICALLY. THESE VISITS WERE... HELL.



2 MOTHER TREATED ME WITH THE FORMAL POLITENESS THAT HAD BEEN HER TRADE-MARK. ALL HER LIFE, I SEETHED TO SEE HER ROBOTIC CONTROL OVER HER EMOTIONS.



3 THE REST OF THE FAMILY WOULD SIT QUIETLY, WATCHING MY ACTIONS AND LISTENING TO MY WORDS.



4 I WOULD WOLF DOWN ALL THE FOOD OFFERED ME, AND POCKET MORSELS I WAS TOO FULL TO CONSUME.



5 FATHER'S FACE WAS LINED WITH GRIEF BUT I DIDN'T FEEL PITY OR REMORSE, INDEED, I HATED HIM FOR IT.



6 HIS WEAKNESS WAS OFFENSIVE. IT CONCERNED ME, LITTLE THAT MY WORDS OFFENDED THEM-- WERE BLASPHEMIES.



7 I MADE SURE TO SWEAR GREAT OATHS AT THE SMALLEST TROUBLE.



8 MOST OF ALL, I WAS ANGRY AT THEM FOR GOING ALONG WITH THE GREAT LIE.



Y'all are cordially invited to CiTR's Open House on March 9, 10 'n' 11 from 10AM to 5PM. Drop by and take a look around. We're in Room 233 in the Student Union Building.

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SOCIALIST TURTLE



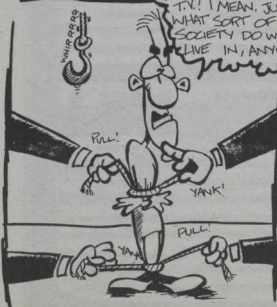
ROLAND the HAPPY WANDERER

BY LEOFF COATES

TODAY ON EYEWITNESS NEWS: VIOLENCE ON T.V.!! TOO MUCH? NOT ENOUGH? AND IF THERE ISN'T ENOUGH, THEN WHY DOESN'T THEY KNOCK THE CRAP OUT OF HIS DAD ON LOSBYND?

WE WENT TO THE AVERAGE JOBB ON THE STREET FOR HIS ANSWERS TO THESE PAINFULLY BURNING QUESTIONS!

VIOLENCE ON T.V.? YA KNOW, I'M GLAD YA ASKED ME THAT!



SCORORDERDATEBOOK

1 THURSDAY

CITR presents Cold Comfort continuing at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... National People's Gang with the Wing Nuts at the Town Pub, Tuesdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... David Raven at the Yale... UBC Stage Band at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... Mixed Chamber Ensembles at the Recital Hall (8pm)... Joseph Danna at the Grunt Gallery... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... Jean Paul Sarré's No Exit continues at Dorothy Somerset Studio (8pm)... Aaron Bushkowsky's Silly Season opens at the Richmond Gateway Studio Theatre (8pm)... Pink Ink! The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Touchstone Theatre's Homework for Men and Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady continue at the Firehall (8pm)... Time to Kill by Leslie Darbon continues at the Vagabond Playhouse (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

2 FRIDAY

CITR presents Cold Comfort continuing at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... SEVA benefit with Spirit of the West, Rob Wasserman, Bob Weir, John Kaukonen, Rick Danko and John Kaulder at the Vagabond Playhouse (7pm)... The Hard Rock Miners and The Smugglers at the Town Pump... David Raven at the Yale... Albert Collins and The Demons at the Community Arts Centre (8:30pm)... The Good Woman of Seaport and Leslie Carter at La Quena... University Chamber Singers at the Recital Hall (12:30pm and 8pm)... Neil James Harwell at 86 Street Music Hall... Real Eyes at RJ Christie's... No Exit continues at Dorothy Somerset Studio (8pm)... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... Silly Season continues at the Richmond Gateway Studio Theatre (8pm)... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Homework for Men and Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady continue at the Firehall (8pm)... Time to Kill by Leslie Darbon continues at the Vagabond Playhouse (8pm)... Bertolt Brecht's The Good Woman of Seaport continues at the Simon Fraser University Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... The Rocky Horror Picture Show at the Lux Theatre (midnight)... Exhibition by Bowie, Kold and South closes at the AMS Gallery...

3 SATURDAY

CITR presents Unten Kweel Johnson at the Commodore Ballroom with Sister Breeze, Dennis Bovell and the Dub Band, and the Almighty Dread Band... CITR presents Cold Comfort closing at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... The Head-benders at the Wise Hall... David Raven at the Yale... Real Eyes at RJ Christie's... No Exit closes at Dorothy Somerset Studio (8pm)... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... Silly Season closes at the Richmond Gateway Studio Theatre (8pm)... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little

Theatre (8:30pm)... Homework for Men and Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady continue at the Firehall (8pm)... Time to Kill by Leslie Darbon continues at the Vagabond Playhouse (8pm)... The Good Woman of Seaport continues at the Simon Fraser University Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

4 SUNDAY

Lucie Blue Tremblay and Jennifer Berzan at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Barry Harris Trio at the Tom Lee Music Hall (8pm)... Homework for Men and Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady close at the Firehall (8pm)...

5 MONDAY

CITR presents Big Beat Cabaret at the Commodore Ballroom... Michael Strutt at the Community Arts Council (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

6 TUESDAY

CITR presents Severed Heads and M1077 Jesus and DJ Zero at Graceland... Jesus Lizards and The Magnolias at Club Soda... Incognito at the Yale... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

7 WEDNESDAY

CITR presents Numb at Graceland with Secondhand Serenade, Elizabeth Fitcher, Bob Ball and Neopropolis 90 at the Grunt Gallery... Incognito at the Yale... Salsa Ferreras Orchestra at the Commodore Ballroom... Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Homework for Men and Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady continue at the Vagabond Playhouse (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Bertolt Brecht's Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti opens at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)...

8 THURSDAY

Pinslopp Perkins, Hubert Sumlin, Big Daddy Kinsey and Little Mike & The Tornadoes at the Commodore... Martin Carver and Dave Swarbrick at the Wise Hall... Lulu at 86 Street Music Hall... Incognito at the Yale... Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Time to Kill continues at the Vagabond Playhouse (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Evelyn Lau and Surjeet Kalsey at the Community Arts Council (8pm)...

9 FRIDAY

DOA record re-

lease party with Nollamano at the Commodore (all ages show 6pm, drinks show 9:30pm)... Beat Farmers at the Town Pump... Courtney Pine Quartet at the Tom Lee Concert Hall (7:30 and 10pm)... Incognito at the Yale... Hidden Forbidden at RJ Christie's... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Time to Kill by Leslie Darbon continues at the Vagabond Playhouse (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Heavy Petting opens at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:30pm, 9:20pm)... The Rocky Horror Picture Show at the Lux Theatre (midnight)...

10 SATURDAY

The Sallittes with Roots Round-up at the Commodore... The Dots, The Bird Songs and Rocky Craig at the Wise Hall... Beat Farmers at the Town Pump... Incognito at the Yale... Hidden Forbidden at RJ Christie's... Lenny Kravitz at 86 Street Music Hall... What I did Last Summer continues at Presentation House... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Time to Kill closes at the Vagabond Playhouse (8pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Heavy Petting continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:30pm, 9:20pm)...

11 SUNDAY

Elvis Hitter at the Town Pump... Kevin Volans and Lori Freedman at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (7pm)... Robin Trower at 86 Street Music Hall... Heavy Petting continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:30pm, 9:20pm)... Purim Carnival at the Jewish Community Centre (12:30pm)...

12 MONDAY

CITR presents Tat and Nirvana at the Commodore Ballroom... CITR presents Big Beat Cabaret at the Commodore Ballroom... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Heavy Petting continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:30pm, 9:20pm)...

13 TUESDAY

Ninth Configuration at Club Soda... Johnny V at the Yale... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Carbone 14 opens at Simon Fraser University Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Heavy Petting continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:30pm, 9:20pm)...

14 WEDNESDAY

Wally and the Stockmen, Boogiem and

Harpdog Brown at the Commodore... Kate Hammet-Vaughan at the Grunt Gallery... Johnny V at the Yale... Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Carbone 14 continues at Simon Fraser University Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Heavy Petting continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:30pm, 9:20pm)...

15 THURSDAY

Cash Vegas at the Town Pump... Johnny V at the Yale... Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... Clarence Darrow by David Rintals opens at Presentation House... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Carbone 14 continues at Simon Fraser University Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Heavy Petting closes at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:30pm, 9:20pm)...

16 FRIDAY

Jazzman Devils with The Last Wild Sons at 86 Street Music Hall... Johnny V at the Yale... Innocent Fun and The Smugglers at RJ Christie's... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... Clarence Darrow continues at Presentation House... The Ceazanne Syndrome continues at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Carbone 14 continues at Simon Fraser University Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... The Rocky Horror Picture Show at the Lux Theatre (midnight)...

17 SATURDAY

Rom Russell Band at the Town Pump... Innocent Fun and The Smugglers at RJ Christie's... Johnny V at the Yale... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... Clarence Darrow continues at Presentation House... The Ceazanne Syndrome closes at Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm)... Herr Puntila and His Servant Matti continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm)... Carbone 14 continues at Simon Fraser University Theatre (8pm)... Goodnight Desdemona closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

18 SUNDAY

Co-op Radio Benefit with Jazzman Devils, Bolero Lava and Hard Rock Miners at the Town Pump... Purcell String Quartet with Roger Cole at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2:30 & 8pm)...

19 MONDAY

CITR presents Big Beat Cabaret at the Commodore Ballroom... Mike Jacobs at the Yale... Jeff Wall 1990, an exhibi-

tion of Jeff Wall's 19 photographic transparencies closes at the Vancouver Art Gallery...

20 TUESDAY

Killdozer at Club Soda... Mike Jacobs at the Yale...

21 WEDNESDAY

Mike Jacobs at the Yale... Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre...

22 THURSDAY

Toasters at the Yale... Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre...

23 FRIDAY

Kanda Bongo Man with Roots Round-up at the Town Pump... James Colton at the Commodore... The Tragically Hip at 86 Street Music Hall... Toasters at the Yale... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... The Rocky Horror Picture Show at the Lux Theatre (midnight)...

24 SATURDAY

The Tragically Hip at 86 Street Music Hall... Toasters at the Yale... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre...

25 SUNDAY

CITR presents Eugene Ripper at the Town Pump... CITR presents Jane Siberry at the Arts Club... Granville Island two shows 7:00 and 10:00... Eric Bogle and Greg Brown at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Rita MacNeil at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (8pm)...

26 MONDAY

CITR presents Big Beat Cabaret at the Commodore Ballroom... kd lang and the Redclines at the Orpheum...

27 TUESDAY

Coco Montoya at the Town Pump... Paul de la at the Yale... Rita MacNeil at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (8pm)... kd lang and the Redclines at the Orpheum...

28 WEDNESDAY

Paul de la at the Yale... Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... Rita MacNeil at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (8pm)... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre...

29 THURSDAY

J.J. Cale with the Wyckham Porteus Band at the Commodore... Paul de la at the Yale... Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub, tunes by CITR... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... Sandy Duncan and Linda Rogers at the Community Arts Council (8pm)...

30 FRIDAY

Paul de la at the Yale... Jane Burnett Quintet at the Tom Lee Music Hall... The Boys Next Door continues at Station Street Arts Centre... The Rocky Horror Picture Show at the Lux Theatre (midnight)...

31 SATURDAY

Clive Gragon and Christine Collister at the Wise Hall... Paul de la at the Yale... The Boys Next Door closes at Station Street Arts Centre...

PLACES PLACES PLACES

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86 STREET MUSIC HALL former Expo Site 683-4687
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STUDIO ARTS 1111 Llangara Campus 324-9227
SUB THEATRE Student Union Building, UBC
TOM LEE MUSIC HALL 929 Granville Street 681-8202
TOWN PUMP 66 Water Street 683-6695
VAGABOND PLAYHOUSE Queens Park, West Westminster 521-0412
VANCOUVER EAST CINEMA 2290 Commercial Drive 253-5455
VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE 1895 Venables Street 254-9578
VANTAGE LITTLE THEATRE 3102 Main Street 876-4165
WAR MEMORIAL GYM University Blvd & Westbrook Mall UBC
WISE HALL 1882 Adams Street (behind the Cutch) 738-3002
WOMEN IN FOCUS STUDIO 849 Beatty Street 675-6624
YALE HOTEL 1300 Granville at Drake 681-9253

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AVANT GARDE ARTIST RICK GIBSON

by Patrik Sampler

about holography and its technology?

No, I don't.

Well, things have changed since I was doing it, but there was a time when everything had to be absolutely rock solid to get a good hologram. If something moves during the exposure it comes out pitch black. And people at an exhibition criticized my work, saying, "How come there's no still-life set up?" And I said, "Okay, let's try and get some organic stuff in here." And I tried to make holograms of flowers, and meat, and what not, with limited success. I began to explore techniques on how to make them rigid enough to get a good, clear holographic image. And I came across freeze-drying and it was perfect. But when I saw the result I said, "To Hell with making a hologram of it, this is a new sculptural medium unto itself." So I began to work with freeze-dried materials.

It was at about this time that the animal liberation movement was starting to come into its own. I began to realize, "Wow! If I'm gonna use meat as a sculptural medium, I suddenly have to look to the moral issues involved." The themes behind all of my sculptures are looking at the moral problems associated with dead animals as a sculptural medium. And I think from that point on my thinking changed radically. No longer was I interested in nice, pretty objects dealing with line, shape, form, colour; I was interested in concepts.

So biology is a unifying theme in your work.

It's beginning that, yes.

Now how about the use of sexual organs, such as a testicle and a uterus. Do these express a biological or a sexual theme?

Biological. Definitely biological. One of the things I did in London, I don't know if you heard about this, but I made a pair of earrings out of freeze-dried human foetuses. I had two of them. And they were exhibited for the very first time in an art gallery in London, and they were confiscated about twenty minutes after the show opened, by the police. A year later we went to court, and both myself and the manager of the art gallery were found guilty of outraging public decency. What happened during that episode... I began to get a lot of flack from feminists. They were saying, "Hey, you've mounted them on the head of a female mannequin, these foetus earrings. Are you making some sort of derogatory statement about women?" And that really took me by surprise; that had never really occurred to me. And so, I felt I better set the record straight, as well as, I don't know, satisfy my own intrigue for new gourmet experiences. I decided to eat a slice of human testicle. To set the record straight. My work has nothing to do with sex. It primarily has to do with what it is to be alive, as a creature. Regardless of sex or, quite frankly, species.

"I've been called worse," says artist Rick Gibson, who on January 6th of this year was to have performed his latest exhibit, "Free Art Lesson," in which Sniffly the Rat was to have been crushed by a 25kg concrete block. The event attracted media coverage from across the country, including condemnation from Much Music fashion victim Erica Ehm. However, on the morning of the performance the rat crushing apparatus was stolen by animal rights activists, and Mr. Gibson was chased from the scene by an angry mob. Four days later, I contacted Mr. Gibson and asked him a few questions about the event and his work.

So how does it feel to be a celebrity?

Same as before. I've been a celebrity before.

And how is it?

I get up now, and I figure out how I'm gonna pay my bills. It's just the same as the next day. I guess... I think... the celebrity process is stress. And then once the stress is gone you're just like anybody else again.

Do you have fun?

That is a tough question, because the last two weeks weren't terribly much fun. It was very stressful. But I think now that it's over with I can sit back and say, "That was very interesting." And I'm glad I went through it. For those two weeks I can definitely say I had an exciting life.

Are you afraid of the negative reaction or annoyed by the negative attention you got?

No. Why should I be? Am I afraid that someone's gonna break my door down and whatever? The answer is, no. 'Cause I haven't done anything wrong. What the media says about me is strictly their own business. I have no control over it, I don't try and manipulate it. In fact, I derive great pleasure reading headlines that are absolutely crazy describing my work. I enjoy it. I like to see journalists being creative.

So you do have fun!

Well, yeah, because the journalists that I talk to are professional people. And it's fun working with those people. I take everything I read, or see on television, with a grain of salt.

But also there comes a lack of fear with knowing I'm right. A lot of things about that piece had to do with just general hypocrisy. And today I got a copy of *The Province* and read in the letters to the editor they were glad that Sniffly had a new place, and there should be a follow-up story looking at what his life has been like after that traumatic affair—Traumatic Affair!! That rat had the best days of its life under my care! I lived the life of a king rat as far as I was concerned.

But a few pages before there is a very small article that talks about that out in Langley the 26 DISORDER



Photo by Craig Reid

SPCA has decided to stop shooting dogs; they're now gonna give them lethal injections. Now this is pretty nuts. We got everybody screaming and yelling over a rat and yet everyday there's the business at hand of shooting dogs. What's the uproar? This rat was bred specifically to be eaten alive. Those dogs were bred out of accident and were picked up and are now being shot. Where is "Life force"? Where are those protestors?

What was the purpose of "Free Art Lesson"? To make a hyperbolic statement, or to simply do the kindest thing possible for Sniffly?

I was trying to do the most humane thing possible for that rat.

But you do consider yourself foremost an artist over someone who is trying to make a statement?

Well, I see them part in parcel. I don't see anything wrong with it. That's the content of my art.

Would you have given up the publicity in order to actually have performed the exhibit?

No; but the publicity—I'll discuss that for a minute, okay? I sent out a press release. That's something everybody should do when they're going to have an exhibition. I think that's just par for the course.

The piece still could have gone ahead, even without me sending the press releases, because it was going to be at the corner of Robson and Burrard. People still would have seen the piece. And so, the media wasn't necessary, but for people to see the piece, and for me to have a small group of people discuss it. But I always do inform the media whenever I'm going to do an exhibition. And so I continue to do that, and there is the

possibility in so doing that I'll go from a sort of closed circuit situation into a much larger event where I reach more people.

One of the most pathetic things about art galleries is you can go there at almost any time, and nobody's in them. They're one of the most horrible places for the communication of ideas because many artists don't send out press releases and many galleries, quite frankly, fall down on the job for that.

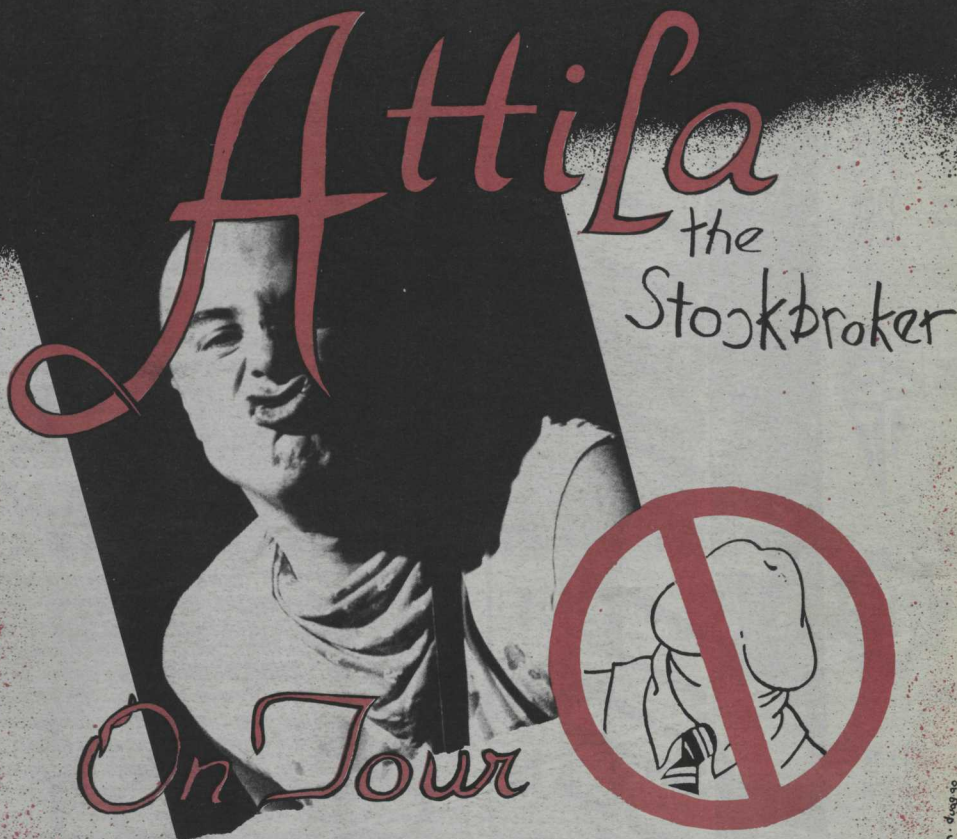
What's your educational background?

I got a degree in psychology at the University of Victoria... that was in 1974. I was interested in the arts and the psychology of art and in the last year or two of university I began to take courses with that kind of a bias to it. And when I graduated I went to the Emily Carr College of Arts for about three months. It was called the Vancouver School of Art back then. And I left, and I wound up working with one of its teachers: a guy named Al Razutis. He was making holograms, and I was interested in this whole area of science and technology.

I was making mathematical models out of plastic and trying to develop a sculpture out of that. I came across holography, and it just blew me away—this was 1976; and I wound up taking a course from Al Razutis, and he then hired me as his assistant for a year. It was one of the most important experiences I've had in my artistic education. He's [Al Razutis] fairly well known in the holographic world for having made some interesting statements. I left his studio; I got a Canada Council Explorations Grant to set up my own holographic studio. And I had one or two exhibitions. At one of my exhibitions someone was looking at my holograms—do you know anything

[illegible]

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